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AT HOME AND ABROAD

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At Home and Abroad

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Harvest Reactions

(*See front and back covers*)

For several years our November issues have been dedicated to Peace and Thanksgiving.

There is every reason this November to remind ourselves of the great harvests of racial and international understanding and coöperation which our representatives at home and abroad have been producing through their Christian love and life. They have indeed been real artisans of peace—and we know that if it had been left to them, the present situation in Europe and Asia could never have arisen. What a contrast to those who have been sowing the seeds of aggressive wars and international hatreds!

Therefore, on Armistice Day and on Thanksgiving Day we can follow the habit of rejoicing over the fact that we are in a work which tends to bring peace; and we can go on offering unto God the sacrifices of thanksgiving by purposing to make our world-wide work of witnessing all that He would have it be.

Dr. Frank Laubach of the Philippines, the "apostle to the Moros of Mindanao," finds himself reacting thus as he thinks of China where for two years war has been producing awful harvests of hate: "With my soul overflowing with limitless love this morning," he writes, "this seems to me to be something there is love for me really to achieve. I think the solution of the world's hatred is for people to be exposed to a tremendous cleansing disinfecting bath of God's love. This is what I would like to help do in wretched China.

Rev. John F. C. Green of McKeesport, Pennsylvania, one of the leaders of our German Evangelical group, having Europe in mind, would begin by joining with the Quakers who have "chosen the better part in their magnificent projects of help and in the healing of the war-stricken populations regardless of national allegiances."

The leaders of the progressive Missionary Education Movement, looking forward to the end of hostilities, has decided to offer for mission study in 1941 a constructive world peace program.

Then there is Douglas Horton's Seminar or "Commission" at Yale, composed of Nationals and Americans, looking toward the "development of a world-wide company of people who, because they believe in a God of love and wait upon Him, self-sacrificially devote themselves to human fellowship."

Yea, verily, we are not as those without something to do. Nor are we without hope.

Reasons for Thanksgiving

Culled from "A Call for Colleagues" (A. B. C. F. M., 1939)

In spite of the difficulties created by the war in **China,** it should be emphasized that our missionary work there has not only continued but actually increased. Our hospitals have had more work than ever to do, though they have had to carry the brunt of this work with lessened personnel.

This fall, we are told, over six thousand well-prepared Chinese boys and girls from so-called unconquered China have arrived at the campuses of American-supported universities and colleges in that great field. Some 4,500 of these already know what these Christian colleges mean to China. There has been no black-out of Christian education in China in spite of the war.

In general, the mission schools are more fully attended now and have a better opportunity than for many years past. Perhaps the reason for this is that few Chinese public schools have been able to continue under the present regime in the conquered territory.

As for the churches and Christians in occupied China, as well as new China, there have been more opportunities than ever to spread the good news. All classes of Chinese, particularly the intelligentsia, are wanting to learn what this thing is that gives people courage to carry on and that holds them together in helpfulness to all. Though the churches are cautious in regard to letting down the standards of admission, yet we can well take heart over this fact: that there are large groups in city and village studying Christianity.

Our workers in the **Philippines** are inspired with the thought of making the evangelical Christian communities of Mindanao the base for a far-reaching evangelical movement throughout the South Seas.

Another reason for thanksgiving is the United Evangelical Church of the Philippines itself. Here is one of the best inter-denominational, even union, enterprises that we Congregationalists are connected with. It seems to go along without the embarrassing features of sectarianism which we find in other fields. It is a real organic union of several denominations working very harmoniously in Mindanao as in other parts of the Philippines.

There are plenty of problems in **India and Ceylon** these days. Naturally the growth and inner strength of the Christian Church in the three areas in which we work has been hampered by political interference, inade-

quate financial support, and even internal dissension, but the slowing up of accessions to the churches appears in some cases to be a blessing in that it has led to determined effort to deepen the spiritual life of Christians generally. With this have gone new efforts to develop more lay leaders—a great step in advance.

We can give thanks for the encouragement to Indian Christians that came from the great International Missionary Council held at Madras last December. The very fact that it laid such emphasis upon energetic and sounder evangelism, the necessity for securing a better trained ministry, the importance of inner strength for the Church, and the trend toward truer coöperation and Christian unity in life and service—this emphasis of Madras has done much to bring new life to the Indian Christians.

We can be grateful that the new leader in **Turkey** is apparently carrying on the broad policies of his predecessor. Ismet Inonu, since he took office as President, has proved that the country will feel his influence not only in the continuance of constructive reforms, but also in an emphasis upon the importance of high ideals for home life and of technical education.

The churches in Angola, **West Africa,** are growing with great rapidity. For example, in 1925 the Christian communicants numbered 3,791; in 1939 there are 17,222—over 333 per cent gain! This is the greatest relative increase of any of the fields in which our Congregational-Christian Fellowship works today. In spite of the various restrictions by the Colonial (Portuguese) authorities, the Christian movement among the Ovimbundu continues to spread.

Even when we turn to the **Home Base** we find cause for gratitude. There is what Secretary Outerbridge calls "a resurging spirit of stewardship."

Our Congregational and Christian Fellowship actually increased its total benevolence giving (1938) by 16.9 per cent.

To be sure this was not so much due to apportionment giving as to the Debt of Honor appeal, but it was giving nevertheless, and represented what many believe is the turning of the tide in missionary interest and devotion.

Let us thank God that to the apportionment receipts of $1,464,635 for 1938 we can add $328,406 paid in for the Debt of Honor.

Nor should we fail to get encouragement from the fact that the number of churches now giving to missions has increased over the previous year. This, added to the fact that for three consecutive years gifts to benevolence have registered gains, should fill our hearts with hope and even expectancy.

Thanksgiving and the American Indian

By Mark A. Dawber

(FROM A RECENT RADIO ADDRESS BY THE SECRETARY OF THE HOME MISSIONS COUNCIL)

A NEW day is dawning for the American Indian. The Wheeler-Howard Indian Reorganization Act passed in 1934, has within it great possibilities. Some of the essential items are as follows:

1. The allotment system is ended, and remaining Indian lands are protected from further loss.

2. Surplus lands heretofore thrown open to entry by white homesteaders which have not been entered, may be restored, and further land may be bought for Indians.

3. Tribes may organize themselves for their mutual benefit, and when so organized, enjoy self-government under Federal guardianship.

4. Tribes may incorporate for business purposes.

5. A fund is established for scholarship loans to enable gifted Indians to receive advanced education.

6. The Secretary of the Interior may establish special Civil Service rules to make it easier for Indians to enter the Indian Service.

7. A revolving loan fund is made available for incorporated communities to enable them to get started supporting themselves.

Thus civil liberties enjoyed by white people have now been conferred upon the Indians. Another significant improvement is the employment of an increasing number of Indians in the Indian Service.

AN ANALYSIS OF A.M.A. WORKERS

Secretary Brownlee informs us that during 1938–39 there were a total of 405 workers receiving all or part of their salary from the American Missionary Association Division of our Board of Home Missions. Of these, 94 were on the retired list. Two hundred and eight of the workers are men and 197 women. Two hundred and forty-seven are Negroes, 130 white and 27 are Indians. These represent nine denominations, 177 of them being Congregationalists, 82 Methodists and 56 Baptists.

Amsterdam Thoughts

By J. M. Tan of Foochow, China

AFTER attending the World Conference of Christian Youth at Amsterdam, July 24-August 2, many stimulating thoughts have come to my mind. One thing which seems significant for us as Christian students in America is to have a better appreciation of missionary work and a deeper understanding of the missionary movement. I have been a Christian for many years and was educated in Christian schools, but before I came to this country, I had always had some suspicion of the missionary movement. Its religious motive was unquestionable. Yet I usually thought that there might be some other motive irrelevant to Christianity. Not until I came here to find out how the missionary fund has been raised had I cleared off my former suspicion and fully appreciated the missionary undertaking. I am afraid that not a few Chinese Christian students have the same thought.

This time, when I saw the gathering of youth of different races, nationalities, and colors, from all parts of the world under the banner, Christus Victor, I thanked God that the missionaries have brought the Gospel to all corners of the world so that, even in the time of great political tension, Christian youth could still meet as brothers and sisters.

Consequently, I urge that we Christian youth should have a much more sympathetic appreciation of such a noble movement which has been working for the realization of human brotherhood.

To appreciate missionary work is not enough for a Chinese Christian student now. One step further is to be a missionary ourselves. This may sound boastful and ridiculous to some, but I believe it is not so. The International Missionary Conference at Madras, last year, made a point that every church should be a missionary church. I believe this is a turning point of the missionary movement and such a view is correct.

To follow this thought, I say every Christian should be a missionary. Thus to be a missionary ourselves is neither boastful nor ridiculous but only taking cognizance of our responsibility and opportunity.

For example, it is well known that the enthusiasm of American Christians for supporting the missionary work is declining. Can we help arouse their interest by letting them know the situation of missionary work in China, the tremendous tasks and urgent needs of Chinese church, and the

opportunity open for the Gospel? If we help that, that is a kind of missionary work.

Furthermore, can we give American Christians our interpretation of Christianity and share with them our experience of searching for God? If we do that, that is another kind of missionary work which is badly needed in this country. Christianity is being too much taken for granted in America and is coming to a point of stagnancy. Can we help stir up the stagnant pool a little bit?

My second thought, therefore, is to challenge fellow Christian students with the opportunity of doing some missionary work while we are here.

Please don't think any more that the missionary work is still to be done only by our western friends for us. It was so, but should not be so now. The task of missionary work at present should be a concerted action by Christians of all races and nationalities to Christianize the un-Christian world both in the East and in the West. If we recognize this fact, it becomes not a pride but an obligation on our part to be a missionary.

My third thought is that we should work harder for church unity in China. After the effort of more than a century, the Gospel has found its root in Chinese mind, in Chinese life, and in Chinese culture. Now the problems as to how to apply Christian principles to the rejuvenation of our country and how to make the Gospel more widely known in China fall on the shoulder of the Chinese Church. In order to accomplish such an immense task, we need a united church. It is our task to help bring the united church into being.

May we study harder the oecumenical movement in the West and work for church unity before our mind is deeply rooted with denominationalism?

"THE MANUAL FOR CHURCH MEMBERS"

"What an intelligent church member should know" would be a good subtitle for this 48-page pocket size manual published by the Commission on Evangelism (287 Fourth Ave., New York City) at five cents a copy. Fourteen brief chapters outline the obligations and privileges of church membership, tell the story of how our branch of the Christian Church came to be, and outline the purpose and program of our various denominational organizations. It offers much wisdom in compact and digestible form.

Treasurer Boult Reports

THAT a study of consolidated investments of bonds and stocks by the certified public accountants who audited the books of the Board of Home Missions for the fiscal year ending May 31, 1939, reveals that the shrinkage from cost to market of these investments was less than one-half of one per cent;

That 61.1 per cent of the income of the Board of Home Missions is from "investment income," 26.6 per cent from "contributions," 11.9 per cent from legacies, and 4 per cent from miscellaneous;

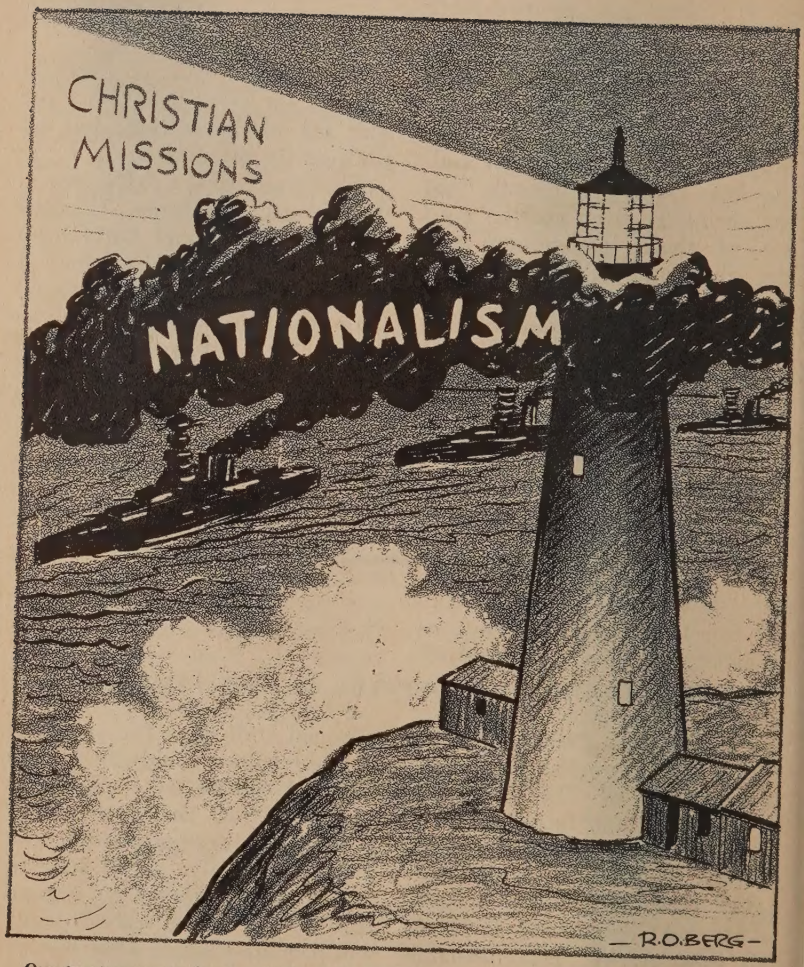
That 87 per cent of expenditures is for the "field," 8.4 per cent for administration, and 4.7 per cent for promotion;

That from April 1 to October 1, the Board of Home Missions received Conditional Gifts from 45 persons for a total amount of $70,300. (On these Conditional Gifts the Board pays annuities during the lifetime of the beneficiary; thereafter the residue of the gift is used for missionary service.)

FLINT-GOODRIDGE HOSPITAL IN THE LIMELIGHT

The *Saturday Evening Post* for September 2 published a complete story of the founding, development and future plans of Flint-Goodridge Hospital in New Orleans under the title "Penny-a-day Hospital." The authors, Claire and George Sessions Perry, tell how A. W. Dent became superintendent of the newly-built hospital at the age of twenty-seven, how he enlisted the coöperation of the leading white physicians of the city in setting up a bi-racial staff, how the problems of tuberculosis, midwifery, and venereal disease were effectively attacked, how the penny-a-day hospitalization plan proved both a financial and a social success, and how he expects to expand this plan so that a second penny will provide medical attention.

Here is a well-told and authentic story of a most promising development of the depression years in which the Board of Home Missions has had a large share.



Our greatest reason for thankfulness is the fact that in the world's darkest hour the truth and love of God continue shining. They cannot be "blacked out" by man. Let us, then, offer up the "sacrifices of Thanksgiving" by continuing to "send the Light."

Missions—in War Time

War is noisy; missions are quiet.

War feeds on human flesh and blood; missions deal with man's better nature.

War majors in brute force; missions cultivate the arts of persuasion.

War sets men over against each other in bitter enmity; missions draw them together in brotherly love.

Only by means of lies can war lead men to murder one another, while through the propagation of truth missions would create mutual understanding between men and nations.

War destroys; missions create.

Nobody really believes in war. Even the professional soldier apologizes for his trade. The best that can be said for war is that men have been led to believe that there are greater evils. This is its only defense. It is an alternative to other horrors which beggar the imagination.

Everybody believes in the methods and objectives of missions. We are in favor of hospitals and schools. We approve of human helpfulness. We have confidence in the ultimate effectiveness of Christian living. We know that this is the only path to a better and fairer world. Christ's Kingdom can only be achieved in Christ's way.

But we forget. Clamorous headlines distract our attention. The roll of drums and the blare of bugles awakens a quick response in our hearts. For the moment the roar of cannon drowns out everything else.

War always ends. From its very nature it cannot persist. Men can die only once.

Missions continue. After the captains and the kings depart, faithful men will still continue in the persistent effort to bring Christ's Kingdom here on earth.

"That which is seen is temporal; that which is unseen is eternal."

Shall we let the sound and fury of the passing tumult lead us to forget the eternal purposes of Christ and his church? Or shall we put first things first in both thought and deed?

Our own American Board was born during a war and has survived four major conflicts. When the excitements of today are but the memory of a bad dream, it will still be carrying on in the name of Christ.

We Meet—at the Cross

By Basil Mathews*

"I AM sitting in a sandbagged basement waiting for the bombs to fall and reading the New Testament," wrote a Chinese student to a young English friend. "Not a bad place in which to read that book," he went on. "Some people think it is just a pious manual, but as a matter of fact it is a practical book in a crisis."

That Chinese student was discovering, as are his fellow Christians all over the world, how in the present tragic crisis the cross, the experience of the Head, is relevant to the experience of God's body, the church. He was discovering that the heart of courage is not so much the fortitude of heroic despair as the present apprehension of eternal life, in the perspective of which the fate of the body falls into its proper place. He was discovering in his own person the truth which Novalis uttered: "The innermost capital of every kingdom lies not behind fortresses and cannot be stormed." He was learning how to love an enemy who at any moment might drop bombs on him, and to find his inspiration at the feet of One who, when his enemies had driven nails through his hands and his feet, said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

What each of these men saw the gospel to mean both for himself personally and for his nation in tragic crises, that same gospel, as we have seen, can be to the whole world in this hour of destiny. Through a church that is at last world-wide, that gospel is waiting to be mediated to mankind, divided by chasms of nation and race and class, but one in its desperate need. As Dr. C. G. Jung shows in his *Modern Man in Search of a Soul*, modern man, having put material security, general welfare, and humaneness in place of faith in a most high Father, finds that all these have now gone by the board. So he has suffered an almost fatal shock psychologically and "begins to see every forward step as a move toward frightful catastrophe." "Man," Dr. Jung continues, "can-

*From *Through Tragedy to Triumph* published by Friendship Press at 60 cents a copy in paper covers, or $1.00 in cloth.

not fight the powers of darkness single-handed. He needs a wisdom greater than his own. Man needs the spiritual help that each individual's religion can give him. What gives meaning to life sets us free." So this man, one of the greatest of living psychologists, comes at last to the certainty that the world crisis is a crisis in the soul of man.

"To deal with the eruption of destructive forces," says Dr. Jung, "guidance must come from God."

If we reply, Yes, Christians have known all along that guidance must come from God, the natural reply of the world will be, Have you sought that guidance and, if found, have you obeyed it and witnessed to it unflinchingly in the world, in the economic and social life of man, in the relations between yourself and folk of other races and other nations, and indeed in the very life of the church itself and in the relation of its parts to one another? The affirmation made long ago in the Epistle to Diognetus challenges us at this point: "It is the Christians that hold the world together."

We have it on such high historical authority as Dr. T. R. Glover that the life of the peoples around the Mediterranean in the Roman Empire was saved from dissolution and decay by the transforming power of the Christian community. Menacing as is the existing world upheaval, how much more transforming should the function of the now world-wide Christian community be!

If we agree about the function of the Christian community in the world, is it not obvious that the church should give to the world an example of community? It is essential that, in their common loyalty to one Lord, the churches should work as harmoniously together as the hand, the eye, and the foot coöperate in the body in obedience to the will. Whether or not our goal is organic unity, today the urgent and imperative duty of every member of the world church in this world crisis is to throw all his powers into coöperative advance.

As at Madras, sitting among fellow members of the universal church, I watched at the communion service the African, Chinese, Japanese, Indian, American and British bishops take to each other and bring to us the cup which we put to our lips, I saw behind each of those men of varying races their tormented nations facing a future loaded with portents of tragedy. Yet I saw, too, the Christian church in each of those areas of life the heir of long centuries in which the Beloved Community was perpetually menaced by the forces of evil, yet always, when faithful to God's divine leading, emerging from the storm with the gift of eternal life in its hands, I was conscious, in the wonderful fellowship of this church of all mankind, of the inexhaustible and untapped resources that God is ready to release through the Christian world community. As I sat there in Madras, I was carried back in spirit to the upper room in Jerusalem, where Christ took the cup for himself and said to his followers, "Drink ye all of this." And then I saw him there with us in Madras, offering the cup and saying once again, "Drink ye all of this."

Some children of Peking

Through Korea to China

FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF DOUGLAS AND CAROL HORTON

OCTOBER 2, 1938. Today I preached in the great Congregational Church at Osaka of which Mr. Hatanaka is the pastor. Temple worship, which is largely individual, has disinclined the Japanese to group worship, such as Christianity has developed. However, Mr. Hatanaka's congregation is large. The men and boys sat on one side, the women and girls on the other.

After the service Mr. Hatanaka and his official board entertained us with a most bounteous meal. Dinner over, D. H. made a speech on "What an American layman asks of his pastor, and what a pastor asks of his laymen." Afterwards we discussed informally the ethical dilemmas which confront men in business and industry today. We wished these Japanese Christian gentle-

men would put their thoughts on paper, to be submitted to similar groups in America. Perhaps this is a way to give the new World Christian Community reality.

October 9. We attended the meeting of the Kumiai Churches —the General Council of our Japanese churches. Over twelve hundred worshippers were in church. The communion service was unforgettable.

How different our departure from Japan from that of a new war recruit who left on a train just before ours! The station was a gloomy place. His mother clung to the boy's hand. The crowd waved their flags, sang, shouted, clapped and cheered, led by one who was evidently a professional at the job. Our last glimpse of the young man showed his wistful face against the window of his compartment.

We, on the other hand, were going from one company of friends to another. When the spirit of Christ has done its perfect work in the world, all departures will be like ours, and none like the soldier's, since Christian friends will be found in every corner of the globe.

October 11. The Korean landscape is lovelier than we expected. Our train ran along a river valley winding between the mountains. The Japanese have been planting 300 million trees each year, so that the bare hills are now covered with evergreens. Colorful cosmos and purple asters grow along the tracks. Tall poplars add to the picturesqueness of the landscape. The low rounded houses thatched with brown straw, often with green vines growing over the roofs, each surrounded with its stone wall, are a striking contrast to the Japanese houses, although here and there one sees a tiled roof with curving lines.

In Seoul we had an opportunity to observe Japanese imperialism in a conquered country. Since the administration of government is now largely in the hands of local magistrates, various degrees of freedom are allowed the Koreans. At present the governor of the province in which Seoul is situated is somewhat repressive. He has introduced an "oath of Japanese imperial subjects," which must be repeated by the children at each school session. It reads:

1. We are subjects of the Emperor, and pledge ourselves to offer all our loyalty to the sovereign state.
2. We, the imperial subjects, pledge our mutual trust and coöperation in order to strengthen the unity of the state.
3. We, the imperial subjects, pledge ourselves to strengthen ourselves by enduring suffering and discipline in order to glorify the sovereignty of the nation.

In Korea the requirement of attendance at Japanese Shinto shrines constitutes a problem.

The Japanese Christians do not regard this as religious worship, but the Korean Christians are in great doubt. There is more of religion in race loyalty than we of the Anglo Saxon races are willing to admit. The Japanese Christians feel no incongruity in going to the shrines, since they unconsciously regard it as part of their Christian duty to acknowledge their kinship with other Japanese, while the Koreans sense a defection from their Christian duty in repudiating the ways of their fathers.

October 14. We crossed the border from Manchuria into China at seven in the morning. Daylight is desirable for travel where the Chinese frequently tear up the tracks at night. Every station is barricaded with sandbags and patrolled by Japanese soldiers. Frequently much-bandaged soldiers are put on the train. We are told that they have been injured by jumping off the train, or on it, while it was in motion. One wonders.

Our brief glimpse of the Great Wall will remain in our minds always. It symbolizes the ancientness of the civilization which we were to find in China.

Peking seemed to us the most wonderful city we had ever seen—and we have since encountered

The indemnity library at Peking

others of the same opinion. The western visitor finds it thrilling because it is so old; but it is more than old—it has been assembling the products of eastern civilization for centuries. Never before had western civilization seemed to us so thin, the oldest European art and architecture not only new but even amateurish.

The people have evolved civilization out of their perennial poverty. Each street vendor has developed an art in calling his wares. The pigeons that circle over the streets proclaim the artistic feeling of their owners with tiny bamboo flutes attached to their tails which make the sound of an aeolian harp.

October 15. After paying our respects at the American Embassy, we went to see the Temple of Heaven. The great altar, built of marble, and open to the sky, is said to be one of the few sights in the world which never disappoints a visitor. Apparently there is some connection between the religion of the Druids in the British Isles and the ancient Chinese. At least we had the same feeling as we approached the Altar of Heaven that we have had in entering a Druid Circle in England of being enveloped by the sky and of closeness to the highest heavens.

At four the American Board missionaries in Peking came to tea at the Ballous. D. H. spoke about the need for Christians in all countries to concern themselves with the problems of church and state and of education and the state. How the churches should be related to the colleges is as pertinent a question in the Far East as it is in New England and the Middle West—and both the East and the West have found answers which would help each other. We could do a better work in all countries if there were more intercommunication between us.

October 17. Hugh Hubbard came to the Ballous' for lunch, on his way back to Paotingfu after a week-end with his family. What a life he leads! His station is just outside the city walls, behind which the Japanese retreat at sunset. He is on Japanese soil during the day and Chinese during the night,—and every now and then a bandit, owing no allegiance to either side, pays him a visit. Two or three nights before a roving band of about a hundred had entered the compound and demanded a thousand dollars. When he refused to pay they took him off for ransom. Hugh Hubbard is such a master of the local dialect and a personality of such force that he persuaded them to bring him back before they had gone far. The bandits were given something like $18 to leave the mission in peace! Some of the experiences of the missionaries and their Chinese friends have been much grimmer than this.

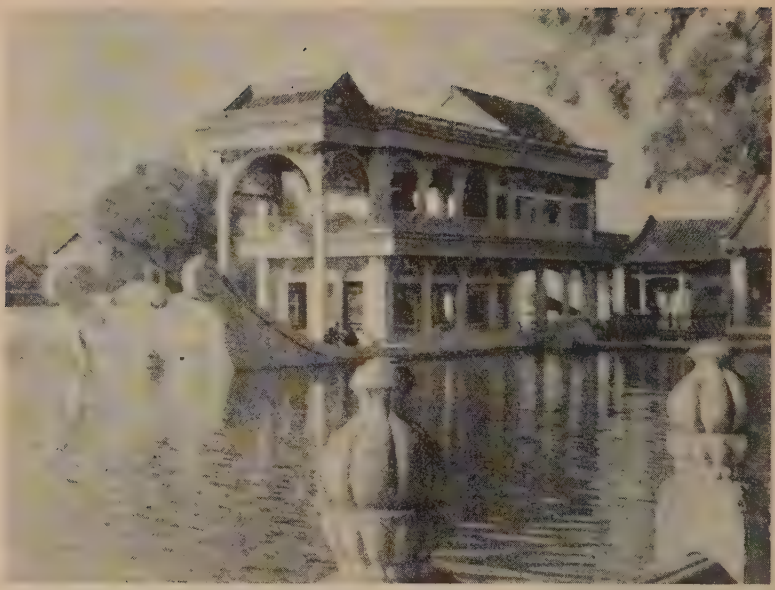
October 18. Today we visited the mission at Tungchow. Mrs.

The agricultural council at Tungchow

Robinson with several other missionaries, took us to our first Chinese dinner. We were assured that the meal could not be called a banquet since there were only nine courses. We wound up with an interesting banana soup.

Walking home under the brilliant stars, we found the city gates firmly locked; and we were not allowed to pass by the Chinese soldiers until they had telephoned to the Japanese garrison and been granted permission to unlock the great city gate. It is hard to look at a free people in subjection. When the Chinese enter or leave they are searched in a way that makes your blood boil. Our guards apologized profusely because they had been forced to detain us.

October 20. President Stuart of Yenching University had asked D. H. to lecture on "The Changing American Attitude Toward the World Situation." The hall was packed; students stood, sat on the window sills, thronged the corridors. Knowing that there were spies, D. H. stayed as close as he could to objective historical facts, but in the question period, the students asked such burning



The old stone boat at the Summer Palace, Peking

questions as why America was selling munitions to Japan—until the presiding officer brought the meeting somewhat abruptly to a close.

October 21. Earle and Thelma Ballou joined us in Yenching for an expedition to the summer palace. We had never seen any campus quite so lovely as that of Yenching—and when we passed through the gates into the astonishing pleasure park of the old empress, we could only ask ourselves again if it could be duplicated anywhere else in the world. The great lake, dug by human hands, the hills about it, all artificially constructed, the pleasure houses of marble and richly lacquered wood, the lovely pagoda dominating the whole landscape —all reminded us of Xanadu, a place of dreams.

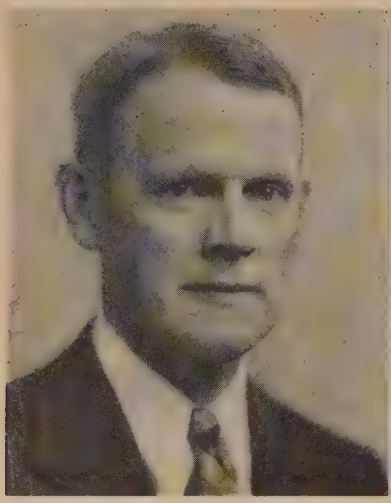
October 22. When we visited the Temple of Confucius we noted that the Japanese were repairing it. Their policy seems to be to keep the Chinese facing toward the past.

October 24. D. H. and Earle Ballou had accepted the invitation of Dr. Pettus, of the School of Oriental Studies to meet with representative Americans at his home to discuss the possibility of

mobilizing the American churches in behalf of some plan of mediation in the Sino-Japanese conflict in which President Roosevelt would take a leading part. Many Japanese leaders as well as Chinese would like an armistice, but now that Canton has been taken and the fall of Hankow seems imminent, it is thought that Japan will not stop her campaign until the whole Canton-Hankow Railroad is in her hands. It was brought out at the meeting that President Roosevelt had already tendered his good offices to the warring powers. We finally agreed that no action on the part of the American churches could advance the possibilities of mediation at this time.

October 25. On our train to Tientsin were coaches full of little white boxes containing the ashes of Japanese soldiers being sent back to Japan. The Japanese take their religion seriously; a Buddhist service at which officers and men were assembled was held on the platform outside the coaches containing the ashes. We thought of the recruits whom we had seen depart from Japanese railroad stations!

"Christian Monastery near Hong Kong"



Frank J. Scribner

Lewis T. Reed

A Change of Leaders

BECAUSE of ill-health, Lewis T. Reed is relinquishing on November 1 his responsibilities as general secretary of the Annuity Fund for Congregational Ministers, the Lay Workers Retirement Fund, and the Ministerial Relief Division of the Board of Home Missions.

During the past twelve years Lewis Reed has given tender consideration to the needs of our retired Veteran of the Cross while at the same time zealously safeguarding the old age security of the men now in our pulpits through the Annuity Fund. Each year he has gathered the Christmas Fund as a gift of love to the aged and disabled, while the crowning work of his ministry has been the raising of the Debt of Honor to assure the payment of the Original Plan annuities.

On November 1 this group of responsibilities is assumed by Frank J. Scribner. A son of Vermont, a graduate of Yale and of Union Seminary, for 24 years a pastor in Wisconsin, and more recently Frank Sheldon's successor in Pilgrim Church of Oklahoma City, he brings a rich experience to this task. His keenness of mind, carefulness of detail, and clearness of expression have been often exercised at the meetings of the boards and on the platform of the General Council. In no one do the leaders of our churches have greater confidence than in Frank Scribner.

A "demonstration bedroom" in the model home at Tillotson College

Good Linens Build Self-Respect

DURING September over a thousand young men and young women "moved in" to dormitories of the schools supported by the Board of Home Missions, while an even larger number are eating daily in their dining halls.

Some of these boys and girls come from homes marked by both comfort and culture, but for the vast majority "going away to school" affords them their first introduction to many of the refinements of modern life. Most of the girls at Blanche Kellogg Institute in Puerto Rico come from humble homes on an island that is plagued with poverty. Many of the young highlanders who attend Pleasant Hill Academy were born in log cabins nestling in the remote coves of the southern mountains. Although Talladega College and Dillard University attract boys and girls from the best Negro homes, many of their students have grown up in unlovely environments. Tougaloo College draws its students from Mississippi, the poorest state in the Union. Tillotson College serves a region where the crudities of the Texas frontier are not wholly a thing of the past. The boys and girls at Dorchester Academy come from the humid lowlands of Georgia's coastal plain. Fessenden Academy is an opportunity school for the Negroes of Florida. Lincoln Academy finds its students in both the industrial centers and the rural sections of North Carolina.

Most of the young people who enter these schools have had to go without comforts and conveniences which we would consider essential. Many have faced poverty in its starker forms. As a group their self-respect is in need of reënforcement.

Good linens are a means of grace! To eat at a table covered by a snowy cloth and adorned with real napkins, to sleep between crisp white sheets, to look out through windows framed in attractive draperies, to wash with a towel which is both thick and soft—these experiences give those who have missed them a new outlook on life. They strengthen all that is fine in the human spirit.

The women of our churches are to be thanked for the abundant quantity and the high quality of the linens with which our missionary institutions are equipped. For years "quotas" have been assigned to the various state organizations. These have been passed on to local church groups. The result has been a constant stream of useful and beautiful articles flowing regularly into the linen closets of these schools.

Few realize what this "service of supplies" has meant. The total valuation set upon these gifts by the state organizations is $33,000 a year, which is equivalent to the interest on a million dollars at current rates. This sum could never be secured from our present missionary budgets. Without the aid of the women the linens used in our schools would soon become tattered and torn.

But this "hand work" which the women carry on has rich spiritual values. Increasingly is it being used in creative ways. Color schemes are being worked out and plans of decoration evolved. Beauty is being added to utility. Our schools are taking on a new attractiveness. Much of this tastefulness is carrying over into homes of pupils. For the women of our churches it is becoming a channel for the expression of their artistic talents.

If you or your church are interested in coöperating in this work, write to the chairman of handwork of your state woman's organization or to Mrs. Mary D. White, Board of Home Missions, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

A girl's room at Pleasant Hill Academy

Silverton, Colorado, on the Million Dollar Highway

High in the Rockies

On the Western slope of the Rocky Mountains a mining community with the appropriate name of Silverton nestles in a valley at the altitude of 9,300 feet above the sea. Around it are peaks rising to a height of 14,000 feet—some of them little more than a mile from the town.

At such an elevation winters are long and hard, summers short though beautiful. The few trees are so scrubby as hardly to deserve the name. It is said that there is not an acre of tillable soil in the county, although in July and August sheep are brought in from Mexico and fattened on the mountain grass.

Mining is the only excuse for the existence of Silverton. Few industries are subject to such violent fluctuations. At times the population has swollen to 5,000 people, at other times it has dwindled to 1,000. At present the prospects for the mining of silver are good and 2,500 people are living in the community.

Obviously churches have hard going in a barren land with a transient population. Our congregation boasts several distinctions. It was organized in 1878; the present structure was erected in 1880. It is the only Protestant church in the county. It is the highest functioning church in our fellowship, and our loftiest home missionary field.

For a church to continue to serve a mining town for 60 years is something of an achievement. Because of the shifting population and the high cost of living on top of the world, through most of its life the church has received home missionary aid. E. L. Anderson is the present pastor.

Foreign Flashes

By Dorothy P. Cushing

Up to Their Necks in Water—and Relief

Letters now coming from North China paint pictures of what the floods mean. Newspaper dispatches report 25,000,000 people affected. A cable from the North China Mission states that the fields of four of the American Board stations—Lintsing, Paoting, Tunghsien and Tientsin—are seriously disturbed. Lewis L. Gilbert reports that in the Lintsing fields alone, 116,667 acres are flooded, with people trying desperately to keep the water out of their villages. This means no crops for 141,750 people for at least 10 months, and even at present exchange, $50,000 will be needed to keep them alive for that period. Mr. Hausske had to wade in water to his armpits to reach the office in Tientsin. The Church Committee for China Relief is receiving gifts to meet this need.

The Floods Came

From Tientsin, the bottle-neck through which the flood waters in North China poured to the sea, Ruth Van Kirk writes: "We saw every conceivable kind of craft—bath tubs, large boxes, inner tubes, a couple of boards nailed together. . . . As far as we could see, for miles and miles, it was just a broad expanse of water. Here and there roofs stuck up, but most of them were submerged. . . . Everywhere, the people are clinging to the roofs. The streets are almost impassable, with boats, rafts, etc. Coffins are floating and, in some cases with their contents. The stench is terrible. . . . It is raining hard now."

Teaching—Plus

After graduating from the American Missions Schools in South Africa a promising young Zulu became principal of a school of more than 500 pupils in a western township. His mother washes and irons to earn her living. He considered seriously training for the Christian ministry. Finally he decided to stick to teaching. He wrote Henry A. Stick of the Theological Department at Adams College, South Africa, "Who has a better opportunity of introducing God to the child than the teacher? I believe that if early conceptions of religion are right and true no matter what you do with the child afterward, you cannot uproot this idea and faith in the Maker. . . . It

is the Christian teacher who can do all this, who will realize the full scope of his work as a servant and messenger of God. It is the Christian teacher who will bear the responsibility of not only guiding the children's intellects but also their souls. I try and will always try to be this kind of teacher . . . So help me, God." Thus speaks a Zulu Christian.

"I Only Know . . . "

Jairam was a young man from the Untouchables, recently become a Christian. He went to where a Hindu festival was being held, to sell copies of the Gospel. Brahmin young men followed him shouting "The Christian religion is false. Don't purchase his books." The youth finally turned and said quietly: "No, the Christian religion is not false. It is the one LIVING religion. I was baptized a year ago and I have found life and cleansing in Christ and power to endure what I could not face before." Then, to his astonishment, a voice came from the crowd. "He is quite right. The Christian religion is a LIVING religion. I have been in the hospitals of Wai and Mirag. I have heard them pray and sing songs of joy and worship every morning before going to work and then I have seen them serve the sick and the dying, the rich and the despised poor, with true love in their faces. You have your chance, young man, go ahead. I shall see that they listen quietly." The speaker was a Brahmin. When Jairam had spoken simply of his faith seven young men among those who jeered bought Gospels and took them home to read.

"That Is What We Want"

A few Indian leaders not far from Pasumalai, filled with enthusiasm for uplifting the Outcaste people endeavored to get students away from the mission schools by offering them free fees, clothes and other inducements. Feeling that this indicated no unfriendliness on the part of the officials toward Christianity but simply overzeal in a good cause, Lloyd Lorbeer and Indian associates visited these officials. How well he had sized up the situation was quickly illustrated when one official stated that he was sending his own son to Pasumalai schools the next year. With mock alarm, Mr. Lorbeer exclaimed "Be careful! In Pasumalai all castes must eat, play and work together. Also every boy must work at some trade for an hour a day. We teach the principles of Jesus such as the spiritual rather than the idolatrous in religion, monogamy, non-violence, etc. So be warned!" The father smiled. "That's what we want!" he replied.

The Art of Asking

THIS is the season when budgets are raised. Churches, community funds, all manner of welfare institutions are looking for financial support. Many of us will be invited to help them get it.

The attitude with which we ask largely regulates both the returns from the asking and the more subtle rewards which we reap for ourselves. There is an art to asking. Four of its aspects may be mentioned.

Pride in the institution which we represent is essential. Unless we believe in our church ourselves we have no business asking anyone else to support it. The first requisite for a good canvasser is a substantial personal gift. When we have done our part we will not hesitate to urge others to do theirs. Maintaining the church is one of life's honorable obligations. It is the most ancient, widespread and far-reaching institution with which you and I have anything to do. It represents both the best side of our personal lives and the ideals of our community. As we ask others to share with us in its support we recognize the potential worth of their personalities to society. This is a flattering sort of attention.

Interest in people is also fundamental. Human nature is man's most fascinating study. When we ask for money we touch one of the points of lively interest in most lives. Platitudes evaporate; we confront reality! This situation has its bright side. The penetrating power of the dollar sign gets us past the non-essentials and lays the foundation for real acquaintance and genuine friendship. Giving is a far more profitable topic for discussion than the weather. If we like the humankind, we can have an

exciting time on a financial canvass.

The way we use our wits has much to do with our success. Each name on the list is a puzzle to be worked. Every door that is opened to us discloses a new emotional situation. Our business is to adjust ourselves quickly to circumstances. Our brain must work faster than our tongue. As we play the game it is fun to keep score on ourselves. Even the baseball nomenclature of hits, runs and errors has some application. Here is a chance for Christian sportsmanship.

A sense of humor is oftentimes a canvasser's salvation. It enables him to stand aside a bit and enjoy the fun. When one is greeted grumpily it is rarely our fault. Something happened before we arrived which produced the ill-humor. We should not take it seriously. Every good salesman will tell you that a cross-grained prospect can be turned into a prize customer, provided you retain your good humor. Nearly every turn-down has its funny side. Unpleasant situations have their laughable aspects. If we keep a smile on our face we will win unexpected support, and we wont take it too much to heart when we fail. If everybody whom we approached gave, the law of averages would suggest that we were not calling on enough people!

Admittedly most of us find it a bit hard to get started on a canvass. It is like diving into water of suspected frigidity. Once we are on our way, we usually have a much better time than we anticipated. Teams, specified hours, dinners at the church afterwards are really devices for getting us in motion painlessly.

Practically everyone who has ever done any canvassing can trace some unexpected friendships to the experience. A community fund campaign made the writer acquainted with a plumber who had a heart and a butcher who had a rare knack for picking tender steaks. Neither acquisition was to be despised. On the more serious side, one has seen a canvass lead to the fraternization of a banker and a taxi driver, the manager of a creamery and a wire weaver. When death came unexpectedly to one home the widow called the man and wife who had canvassed her for a church pledge. Of such stories there is no end.

Looking at it in the large, the men and women who gather in the pledge cards are the builders of the church in our own time. They are the ones who maintain that which our fathers achieved, they are the ones who broaden the base upon which the church of Christ is built. They are the successors to the apostles, prophets, yea, even the martyrs. They are also the salt of the earth. It is both an honor and a privilege to be one of their number. Blessed be he who has mastered the Art of Asking!

War Comes to Fenchow

By Louise Meebold
(Who has now returned to China)

FENCHOW is the headquarters for our mission work in six or more counties of the province of Shansi. It is a walled city from which camel caravans, donkey and mule trains have carried merchandise westward as far as Russia and Tibet for hundreds of years.

Our mission compound lies along the two walls of the northwest side of the city, occupying at least four city blocks. In addition to the residences of the missionaries there are seven institutions—hospital, high school, grade school, church, kindergarten, men's Bible school and women's Bible school.

Some projectiles which fell on the Fenchow Mission compound

Wrecked dormitory at Fenchow

By September of 1937 the first groups of refugees began to appear. They were mostly rich and educated families from eastern cities who came in cars or trucks and brought their baggage with them. Many rented houses and placed their children in our schools. Strangers in church were common.

War came nearer to us with the approach of Japanese planes. The first bombs were dropped at the airport outside the south gate and did little material damage, but that night the exodus began to points of "safety" south and west.

Military orders were given to prepare bomb-proof cellars. We

A corridor in one of the dormitories at Fenchow

had several sizable underground rooms built so that by using the cellars in some of our buildings, we had space enough for all. Air-raid signals were set up by the city and our students were instructed to run at the sound of the alarm, not stopping to take anything with them, and to stay under cover until the slow gong released them. As the planes came oftener, this running to the cellars of course became more frequent. Under such tension regular work was impossible so we decided to move the high school. Farm carts were hired, school equipment and student bedding rolls piled in, and the school transported to a little village in the hills about a hundred miles south. Most of the students walked or took turns riding on the carts. The term's work was finished under considerable hardship but without molestation.

Two battles were fought in the mountains northeast of us. Base hospitals were set up in every city and town. Public buildings including schools were converted into hospitals; public busses and other conveyances were requisitioned to carry wounded from the battlefields and civilians were drafted to carry stretchers, and to feed and tend the wounded. There were not enough doctors and nurses, not enough cooks and

helpers, not even enough food and supplies for these thousands of wounded that streamed back from the front.

After these battles, the Chinese army moved to a new position in the hills south of Fenchow. The soldiers marched in good order, spreading out over the plain, and helping themselves to what they needed. They drove before them many farm animals.

For weeks after our sister-station at Taiku (50 miles east) fell into the hands of the Japanese, we expected the Japanese army each day. When the attack was rumored, four of us (all women) rode south over a new military road. We saw cars, carts, ricksha, wheelbarrows, donkeys, mules, all stuffed and jammed with people and their belongings, while alongside the road hundreds of the poor carried their own loads, some with old people on their backs or children in their arms. As only a small Japanese raiding party came the city did not surrender.

After an absence of five days I was again at the gates of Fenchow city, only to find them all closed with no one looking out over the wall. While our mission was not able to get the city's guardians to open the gates and take in the car, a rope was lowered to draw me up over the wall.

An industrial village west of Fenchow

Most of the inhabitants had fled, shops were closed and streets practically empty. Our staff dropped their plans for moving the hospital elsewhere. When I got down over the wall that morning our mission compound had a large population.

There was work for all to do. The men took turns guarding the compound day and night; the women folded gauze bandages for the hospital; the children sang for the wounded soldiers and collected small gifts for them. Prayer meetings, singing and reading classes were organized. Airplanes continued to come. Thus we lived for three months. Many thought the war would pass us by. The city gates were reopened, and people began to trickle back to their old homes.

On February 17, 1938, the Japanese army shelled Fenchow from the northwest, making a breach in the city wall where our mission high school stood. At the first sound of the shells, our people fled into the cellars. After three hours of conflict the Chinese troops retreated and the Japanese came on to the wall cheering and waving their flags.

Two of our high school dormitories were in ruins and practically every building on the compound was damaged. That afternoon the Japanese army marched into the city and settled itself in the homes of the people. Meanwhile the Chinese women and children took refuge in our compound. That first night nearly a thousand people were cared for. This later rose to 1700.

Our group had planned how to care for the refugees, but we were not prepared for such numbers. We organized committees, and sanitation, water, fire, sleeping places, baggage, etc., were efficiently handled. When our guests were unable to go home, Christian activities were gotten under way.

Japanese officers came at once to look for wounded soldiers and communists. Our compound was protected but we could not help knowing of the disorder elsewhere.

After Fenchow fell steps were taken to set up a new government. The new currency was forced on the people, and an order issued drafting Chinese men for work, some of it repairing the destruction caused by the guerillas. Trains were run for military purposes only and were rather uncertain of arriving at their destinations. On my way out to Peiping I traveled on empty freight cars the first day and the second on cars piled high with machinery being taken out of the factories of our area by the Japanese.

I left behind me in China many of my personal friends and fellow Christians, who were jobless, whose banks had closed, whose homes were being used for barracks; and many, many thousands more wandering hungry and destitute.

We're from the Ozarks

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

WE'RE from Missouri, and live on top of a hill! From our schoolhouse it is down hill most of the eight miles into the town of Grandin—and up hill all the way back. For nearly everything except school we go to town.

Going to church is good fun, for the church sends out a covered truck with benches in the rear part to gather us up and bring us back—not only for Sunday School but for Vacation School in the summer and for ladies' meetings and anything else which happens.

Mr. Wangelin has been pastor of the stone church in Grandin ever since before we were born. We have always known him and he has always known us—except a few of us who have moved in from other places.

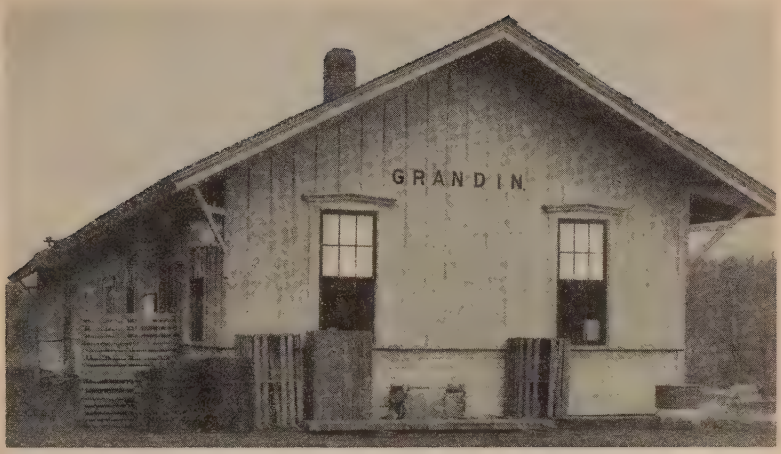
Everybody says that Mr. Wangelin is a different sort of a minister because he is interested in how people make a living. In the Ozarks that is quite a problem. When our fathers first moved to this part of the mountains the hills were covered with trees and they had no trouble getting jobs working for the lumber companies. But now the big

trees are gone, and the little saw mills which work on the young trees do not need many men.

"What's the country good for anyway?" is a question our fathers like to talk about. Because it does not get very cold in the winter they have tried raising hogs and chickens, but that hasn't brought in very much money. Some people think that this is a good country for fruit, only it takes a long time for an orchard to get big enough to grow apples and peaches.

Some years ago Mr. Wangelin figured it out that our fathers paid too much for the feed which they bought, and so he organized a coöperative. This bought by the carload, and the cheaper feed helped us to make a better living up here on the hill. Then the coöperative began to sell our eggs for us. Now it operates a regular store where we buy all our supplies. It charges the same price as the other stores, but the members get a "dividend" from the profits. They figure up how much each one has bought and then divide up the money the coöperative has earned in this proportion. Belonging to a coöperative makes arithmetic much more interesting than it used to be. It's fun figuring percentages when you really get a per cent of something! Mr. Wangelin is manager of the coöperative, which means that much of the time you can find him at the store. He says

Mr. Wangelin meets his parishioners "over the counter"



Now the railroad has gone the station has become useful

that he can see far more people there in the course of a day than he possibly could calling over the hills. People say that here is one preacher who lives right where the people are.

There are two places in Grandin that people like to see. One is the bank. After it was robbed the second time they took the sign down. Just to look at it you'd never think that it is the place where the town keeps its money, but of course the people who have the money know where it is—and other folks don't need to!

Another interesting spot is the old railroad station. A couple of years ago the last engine tooted its whistle and chugged out of town, while they pulled up the rails and ties behind it. Of course the boys were sorry to see it go, although nobody much ever rode on the trains. Then the coöperative bought the station. It is using it as a place to load and unload trucks. More is happening there than for many years. People say, "Now the station is really useful!"

The biggest excitement they have had in Grandin for many years was when Mr. Wangelin's church burned down three or four years ago. It was a big old building left over from the days of the lumber mills. In its place they have put up a new church built of round stones from the hills about here. It is the best-looking building in Grandin, and is up on top of a little hill like a church ought to be. But it isn't big enough for all the things which happen in it! In his spare moments Mr. Wangelin tries to figure out ways of putting on another room.

A Parsonage Economist

SALARY, $500. Family—one husband and four children aged 16, 6, 4 and 1. Such was the economic problem which this wife and mother faced in 1907. And that year was a fair sample of those which preceded and followed.

Northern New England has long been pictured as a land of happy frugality. The people of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont have never been given to extravagance, but most of them live well. Usually the comforts which they enjoy are the fruit of good management rather than much spending. Even pies are produced inexpensively by New England cooks.

From necessity dollar stretching has been an ever-present practice in the parsonages of the smaller churches. The husband of this good woman was ordained to the ministry by another denomination in 1893. From then until 1914 he was employed by churches paying between $400 and $500 and supplying parsonages deficient in some of the comforts of life. During the

World War his salary went up to $600. In the early twenties he entered our fellowship and for a short period received $100 a month, thanks to a grant of missionary aid by the Conference. The return of normalcy brought his salary down to $700.

During these years two sons and two daughters were born and reared. The boys are useful citizens; the daughters married an engineer and a minister. The one who chose to follow in her mother's footsteps is thoroughly enjoying life in a small town parsonage.

The age of seventy found this good couple with no employment in sight, slight savings, and their children suffering the current consequences of the economic collapse.

Their state superintendent brought them to the attention of the other denomination which they had served and our own Ministerial Relief Division. Grants were made in proportion to their years of service with the two groups—$180 from the other denomination and $72 from us. With some help from one of the daughters and an unmarried son they have managed to "get along." In 1934 the head of the house wrote, "Our children are getting into better shape to meet the extras for us; let our Christmas check go to some needier people!" In 1936 he wrote, "I preach occasionally. The net income from this is small, but the personal satisfaction to me is great." And his wife still bakes pies!

In homes such as this do our aged ministers and their wives find refuge from winter's storms

He "Sampled" Ceylon

A WELL-BRONZED young man with black hair and flashing eyes was giving the daily "news flash" at the Defiance, Ohio, Young Peoples' Conference. Amid peals of laughter he covered the European situation, recited the current baseball scores, and brought Orphan Annie and the other comic strips down to date.

"That is Ted Oppenheim," my neighbor at dinner informed me in tones of obvious admiration. "He used to be a missionary!"

Theodore S. Oppenheim proved hard to catch but easy to get acquainted with. He was unmistakably the most popular member of the conference faculty.

"How did you happen to go abroad?" I asked him when the opportunity came for a chat.

"It wasn't because I had ever thought of myself as a missionary," he laughed. "In fact I was disposed to question this business of trying to 'help' other people whose whole outlook on life is different from our own. But while I was studying at Yale, Hugh Vernon White spoke to us one day. He told of a three-year teaching appointment at Jaffna College in Ceylon which was open. It seemed to be the sort of thing which I could do, and so I applied and was accepted. I did not think of myself as making any 'sacrifice'—rather was I happy to get such an opportunity."

"You liked your work?"

"Decidedly—and also the friends whom I made. But I had some surprises. I had expected to learn the Tamil language which the people around Jaffna speak, but my vocabulary never got beyond 200 words. All of my students knew English, and some of them were more fluent in it than with their native tongue. One night when an 'eminent visitor' from America addressed us he was completely outshone as a speaker by the seventeen year old student who made the response. As my job was teaching English it soon became apparent that I would need to bestir myself. My students kept me so busy that I had no time to learn Tamil."

"How did the boys differ from those of America?"

"They are surprisingly alike. Sports mean much to them. Their version of football is what we call soccer. Once we thought that our team couldn't win, but we had a big rally anyhow—and then it did. We also did well in track. One of our boys had the British Empire record in the high jump. He could also do twenty feet and a half inch in the broad jump."

"Was there anything which you did not like?"

"I really object to the way the boys and girls are kept separate in Ceylon. Fortunately Jaffna College is a small island of co-education in the midst of a sea of segregation—but even on our campus the boys and girls do not talk freely with each other. When one of the debating societies invited the girls to attend a meeting—and also take some part in it—the boys were all there. I spent much time telling one of my friends how freely the sexes mingle in America, but when he married it was to a girl whom his parents had picked out for him!"

"Did the slow and easy spirit of the Orient lay hold of you?"

"Where it is hot one does not walk so fast, but that does not mean that they are lazy. They work as hard as we do, or harder. However, their idea of 'detachment from the world' rather appeals to me. This is not a matter of living by yourself away from other people, but rather the habit of keeping your

Theodore S. Oppenheim

poise no matter what happens. One day I found myself looking forward too eagerly to a game of tennis. Now tennis is both good fun and good exercise but I was making it an end in itself. I tried a little 'detachment,' which means 'seeing things whole' and reminding one's self how little tennis really matters. It worked, and I enjoyed my tennis all the more. But when it came to our college soccer matches I couldn't get myself 'detached'—which means that I shouted and jumped as much as the rest!"

"What differences have the three years in Ceylon made? Are you another sort of a person because of them?"

"My outlook has changed. When you try to see America through the eyes of another race it seems a strange sort of place. Often we Americans have been thoughtless and ungracious in our attitudes towards other peoples, especially when their skins are darker than ours. They make much of courtesy, and resent it when we are abrupt and rude.

"I have also acquired much respect for the historical greatness of the East. While our ancestors were emerging from barbarism the Orient was creating 'buried cities,' artificial lakes, irrigation systems and a vast quantity of exquisite carvings. But when we westerners study the history of the world we pass by India and China very hurriedly.

"I'm naturally rather dark and my skin tans easily. Occasionally some one who has heard that I have been in Ceylon cautiously asks if I am an Indian. Instead of being offended, I feel rather flattered. My only regret is that my three years at Jaffna College were too short for me to enter into the home life of the people to any considerable extent. But I intend to keep my friends in Ceylon, and I will always be interested in the life of the Orient."

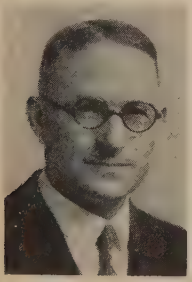
"What are you planning to do next?"

"Teach freshman English at Doane College in Nebraska. I only hope that my students will be as alert as they were at Jaffna."

Ted Oppenheim takes a ride in Ceylon

The Central South's New Superintendent

On October 1, Herman H. Lindeman closed his eighteen year pastorate with the First Church of Yankton, which is the mother church of the Dakotas, to become Superintendent of the Central South for the Church Extension Division of the Board of Home Missions. In this capacity he will look after our churches in Oklahoma, Texas and Louisiana.



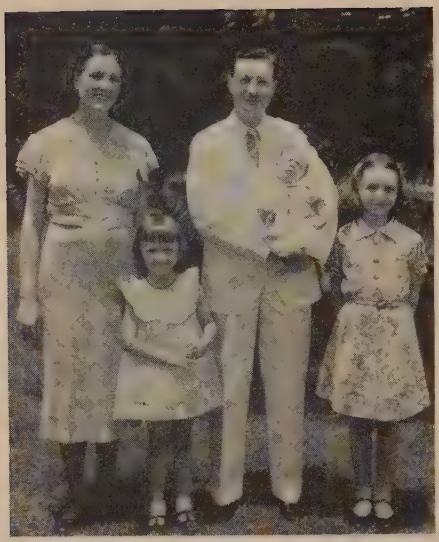
H. H. Lindeman

Mr. Lindeman was born in Kansas but grew up in Nebraska where he attended one of our Sunday Schools and joined the church at the age of nineteen. He secured his A.B. at the University of Nebraska and then took his B.D. and M.A. at Yale. Between college and seminary he taught school and during his seminary course served a year on a home missionary circuit in the sand hills of Nebraska. His first three years after graduation were spent at Red Lodge, Montana. Nineteen months with the war-time Y was followed by two years as student pastor at Ames, Iowa.

Since 1921 H. H. Lindeman has been pastor of the Yankton church, serving as a director of the South Dakota Conference for practically the entire period. He was instrumental in starting the Yankton Young People's Assembly. In recent years he has taught freshman Bible in Yankton College. Of his four children the oldest daughter is the wife of a Congregational minister, the second a senior at Ames, while the two boys are in high school.

New Americans in New Mexico

Harold Johnson, pastor at Santa Rita, New Mexico, writes: "Many alien men of Mexican nationality have been dropped from WPA rolls since the last ruling, and it is impossible for them to secure employment in the mines as aliens. The local padre and myself have been helping these men—the ones who are really deserving and who have fine families—to become citizens. After receiving their first papers, they can secure employment providing they will continue working to meet requirements for final papers. We have the backing of the district judge in this enterprise as well as the encouragement of the local mine officials."



Camera News

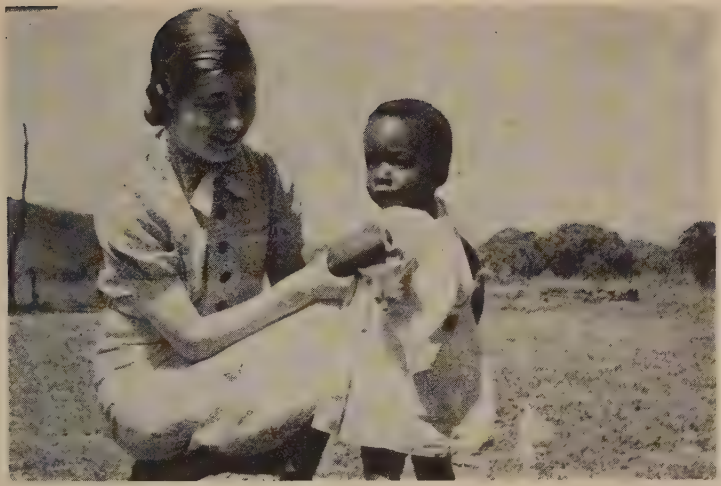
By
Dorothy P. Cushing

THEY ARE FROM MISSOURI

Rev. James F. McKinley, Dean of the College of Theology, Silliman University, Dumaguete, Philippine Islands, Mrs. Virginia P. McKinley, Phyllis Ann (standing in middle), Edith Adelle (Big Sister), and Mary Elizabeth in Dad's arms.

Mary Elizabeth's birth announcement came flying through the air shortly after she arrived. "Ham" Radio Operator Roy Bell of Dumaguete and Harold Buroker, Bonners Ferry, Idaho, Station W7QC, did the trick. Both Mr. and Mrs. McKinley were born in Missouri.

Below: Some of the material with which Dean McKinley works in the School of Theology which sends out young Filipino Christian pastors and deaconesses to work in isolated, pioneer areas for mere pittances.



NURSE TERRY

Miss Theresa R. Buck, R.N., at work in Mt. Silinda, East Africa, is the special representative of Connecticut Congregational and Christian women. Working happily and successfully among the Ndaus, here she is with a small patient. Please note, we beg you, the kitten in the cloth carried a la African mother and babe!

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

The rider learned to read in a Night School, reports Rev. Lloyd Lorbeer of Pasumalai, India. He is the only one in this group who can read. He has been rewarded with a booklet and ride on the bike of his missionary friend. Life has some very proud moments!

THEY LOVE HER SMILE

Miss Gertrude E. Chandler, Head of Lucy Perry Noble Institute, Madura, India, visits Natham Village where the Christian Women's Association of Madura carries on a school for girls and a dispensary for women and children.

"ONE AND ONE ARE TWO, AND TWO AND TWO . . ."

Beginners in a Kraal School near Chikore, East Africa, absorbed by the "two times table" and snapped by Missionary Arthur J. Orner on one of his many supervisory visits.

SO PRECIOUS

For 22 years this Hindu mother, childless, faced scorn. Then, by Caesarean birth, thanks to the American Hospital for Women and Children in Madura, India, this child was born.

"She is so precious that the devoted father walked eleven miles into Madura to report some trifling upset the other day," says Dr. I. Mary Roberts, head of the hospital.

THE K.K.K.

But they stand for peace not racial hatred. Kamala Keithahn, Dr. Kagawa and Richard Kagawa Keithahn, taken in Devakottai, India, where Rev. and Mrs. Ralph R. Keithahn are doing a remarkable piece of community welfare and medical work coöperating with all groups, Hindu, Moslem, and Christian.

Dr. Kagawa was in India attending the great Madras Meeting when this picture was taken.

Chronicle

FURLOUGH AUTHORIZED

Rev. Joseph L. Moulton of the Marathi Mission will begin his furlough at the end of 1939 or the beginning of 1940.

APPOINTMENTS

Dr. Agnes B. Charlton, graduate of the medical school in Capetown, South Africa in 1938, has been engaged for six months to take charge of the Willis F. Pierce Hospital at Mt. Silinda, East Africa.

Miss Eleanor DeRemer, who has completed a three-year term of service in the Near East Mission, has been re-engaged for another three-year term as a teacher in the American Collegiate Institute, Izmir. This was voted September 12.

RESIGNATIONS AND RETIREMENTS

Dr. Willis Hegler Willis, physician since 1929 in the East Africa Mission, head of the hospital at Mt. Silinda, an alumnus of Denison University, with his M.D. degree from Western Reserve University, has resigned from his foreign mission service and is now in regular private practice in Painesville, Ohio.

Rev. Charles Burnell Olds was, at his own request, placed September 12 on the retired list as of September 1. For thirty-six years he has labored in Japan, in Miyazaki 1903–1913; in Niigata 1913–1917; since then in Okayama where he has been associated with the Kumiai Churches. He has understood, as have few, the Japanese mind and character, the Japanese customs and literature, and has entered into personal intimate relations with many of the people. He has made a great contribution to inter-faith and international understanding. Mrs. Olds died in Okayama, April 21, 1939.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Miss Florence Christine Malcolm of Chilesso, West Africa, arrived in New York, September 16 on the *Aquitania*, the first big boat bringing home Americans after the sinking of the *Athenia*. A destroyer came with the boat the first day. Extra drills were held, complete blackouts were enforced. She witnessed much of the evacuation of school children in London, arriving there September 1.

Miss Malcolm, who is of Somerville, Massachusetts, went to Africa in 1928, just after receiving her Th.B. from Gordon College in Boston. She had previously studied in a business college and spent six years in a business position. During her first furlough she earned her M.A. in Hartford Seminary.

In Chilesso she is head of a school of two hundred boys and girls from the surrounding villages. The event of the year has been the building of the Iola E. Swanson Memorial School to replace the old structure condemned twenty years ago. Miss Malcolm speaks both Umbundu and Portuguese (the official language) fluently. Besides teaching she makes long trips into the bush, carried in a hammock, and she also conducts summer camps for girls.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Clifford G. Manshardt in Bombay, June 7, returning to the Marathi Mission.

Miss Ethel W. Putney, in Istanbul, Turkey, August 22, returning to the Near East Mission.

Miss Edith L. Douglass, in Sofia, Bulgaria, August 26, returning to the Near East Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. Frank Cary, in Yokohama, August 31, returning to the Japan Mission.

Miss Jessie E. Martin, in Istanbul, September 2, returning to the Near East Mission.

Miss I. Mary Ingle, in Thessaloniki, Greece, September 4, returning to Anatolia College.

Miss Eleanor DeRemer, in Izmir, Turkey, September 20, returning to the Near East Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. Willard L. Beard, in Foochow, China, September 28, returning to the Foochow Mission, and **Miss Mary F. Buckhout,** joining the Mission.

SAILINGS FOR THE FIELD

Several sailings that have been already recorded in the HERALD were postponed at the last hour. The following is the up-to-date list:

Miss Lyda S. Houston sailed September 8 on the S.S. *Excambion* from San Francisco to rejoin the Foochow Mission.

Miss Annie E. Pinneo, Miss Mabel E. Long, Miss Ada Grace Rowlands, Miss Esther L. Grant, sailed September 14 on the S.S. *Executive* from New York to Piraeus, Greece, the first two to rejoin the staff of Pierce College in Athens, the last two to join it as new appointees. On the same ship sailed **Mrs. Elvesta T. Leslie,** assistant business agent and treasurer in Istanbul, and **Miss Gladys G. Perry** and **Miss Dorothy G. Blatter,** teachers in the American Academy for Girls in Scutari, Turkey.

Miss Katharine L. McElroy sailed September 16 from New York on the S.S. *Excambion* for Piraeus to join the staff of Pierce College, Athens.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Lawson and **Miss Katie Wilcox** sailed September 26 from San Francisco on the S.S. *Tatatu Maru* to Kobe where they will reship on the *Hakuban Maru* for Colombo, Ceylon, whence they will rejoin the Madura Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. Paul M. Cassen and **Miss Olive L. Nelson, R.N.** sailed September 30 from San Francisco for Colombo and Bombay, the Cassens to rejoin the Marathi Mission, Miss Nelson to rejoin the Madura Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. John S. Marsh sailed September 30 from New York to rejoin the East Africa Mission.

DEATH

Miss Cornelia Judson, who died in Stratford, Connecticut—her birthplace—on September 17, was a pioneer in a new form of service; for, although the Girls' School in Matsuyama took much of her time during one long period, she felt deeply the need of the boys and girls who could not go to school because they had to earn their living through long daylight hours in factories. Within two years of her arrival in Japan in 1887 she started a Night School for

these young people, hungry for an education, and from this school they have gone forth into all parts of the empire filled with the ideals of service she inspired; many entered the ministry or other positions of public usefulness.

Miss Judson sacrificed drastically for this undertaking so near her heart, cut her living expenses to help on the work. After a while, receiving a small inheritance from her father, she lived on its income, putting her salary into the costs of the school, which did not for some time receive a special appropriation from the American Board. But the New Haven Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions, which supported her, was in close touch with her. She kept its women well-informed concerning her work; they were personally helpful, and they backed financially the kindergarten she started in connection with the school. She was extremely appreciative of all that was done for her.

For all her earnestness and self-sacrifice, she was, in truth, a very happy person, always ready for fun and giving her young people good times when she invited them to her home.

She retired in 1932 followed by many tributes to her long life of service. Thousands called her blessed—those whose lives have been changed through her efforts and influence.

Miss Delia Emerson died October 11 in Biddeford, Maine. A centenarian:—she had celebrated her one hundredth birthday on March 20.

Born on a Maine farm, practically all of her active adult life was spent in the service of Negro missions. She first taught in the cabins and schools of the South. Later, she became a clerk in the office of the Corresponding Secretary of the American Missionary Association giving all her time to the Southern work. In 1883 the Executive Secretary of the Association set up a Women's Bureau—so many women were interested in these little schools for the freedmen—and Miss Emerson became its first secretary. She served it for nearly thirty years as a rarely talented agent and intermediary. Wise interpreter of the personal aspects of the needs of the field, she was confided in by hundreds. After her retirement in 1912 she continued for many years a volunteer member of one school or another of those she had loved. As Rev. Harry Beadle has written of her:—

"A great soul has gladly wrought
A great Faith has bravely fought
A great Love yet fondly gives,
And a Servant greatly lives
With a true heart's loyalty."

Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People

Total Income Received from Investments from June 1 to July 31, 1939 . . .	$14,516.38
Month of August, 1939. .	4,457.63
Total for 3 months ended August 31, 1939 . . .	$18,974.01

American Missionary Association Division

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

WILLIAM T. BOULT, Treasurer

The General Council of the Congregational and Christian Churches

287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Moderator: Rev. Oscar E. Maurer

Secretary Emeritus: Rev. C. E. Burton — *Secretary and Minister:* Rev. Douglas Horton

Associate Secretary: Rev. F. L. Fagley — *Treasurer:* Mr. A. Y. Meeker

The General Council is a voluntary organization to provide for mutual counsel and inspiration. It ves unity to national organizations in that the voting membership of the Council constitute the ajority membership of the Home and Foreign Boards, making joint action possible.

American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions

Congregational House, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

President: Rev. Rockwell Harmon Potter

Vice-Presidents: Mrs. Robert L. Bowen, Rev. Edward C. Boynton, Miss Elizabeth J. Hurlbut

Executive Vice-President: Rev. Fred Field Goodsell — *Treasurer:* Harold B. Belcher

Recording Secretary: Rev. Oscar E. Maurer

The American Board maintains missions in East, West and South Africa, China, Japan, India, Ceylon, ıe Philippines, Micronesia, Mexico, Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece and Syria.

In nearly all fields, in spite of reduced appropriations and depleted staff, the work has moved forward ı South Africa exploitation, the race issue, and the social effects of industrialization have created many roblems. In the Far East the war clouds hover, and life is regimented. Christian living is difficult. ationalism is hindering progress in some countries. The spirit of evangelism is especially strong in the hilippines and in West Africa. In India the five-year plan is producing encouraging results.

'he Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches

General Offices, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City

President: Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown

Vice-Presidents: Rev. H. S. Hardcastle, Mrs. Charles E. Reidt, Rev. George C. Vincent

Executive Vice-President: Rev. William F. Frazier, — *Treasurer:* William T. Boult

Secretary: Rev. Ernest M. Halliday

The Board of Home Missions of the Congregational and Christian Churches has been appointed as gent by each of the Congregational Home Missionary Societies. The field work of these corporations is ow administered by this one Board, but the original corporations are still in existence and hold title to ieir own assets. Any bequests, therefore, may properly be made directly to these corporations, or to the oard of Home Missions. The essential work of the Board of Home Missions is to preach and teach and) help others to preach and teach the Gospel of Christ.

The Council for Social Action

287 Fourth Avenue, New York — 5757 University Avenue, Chicago

Chairman: Rev. John C. Schroeder

Treasurer: Elbert A. Harvey — *Executive Director:* Rev. Dwight J. Bradley

The Council for Social Action represents the churches in the fields of social research, education and ction. It seeks to serve the churches, and to help the churches serve the nation and the world in the reas of social strain—international, industrial, racial and rural.

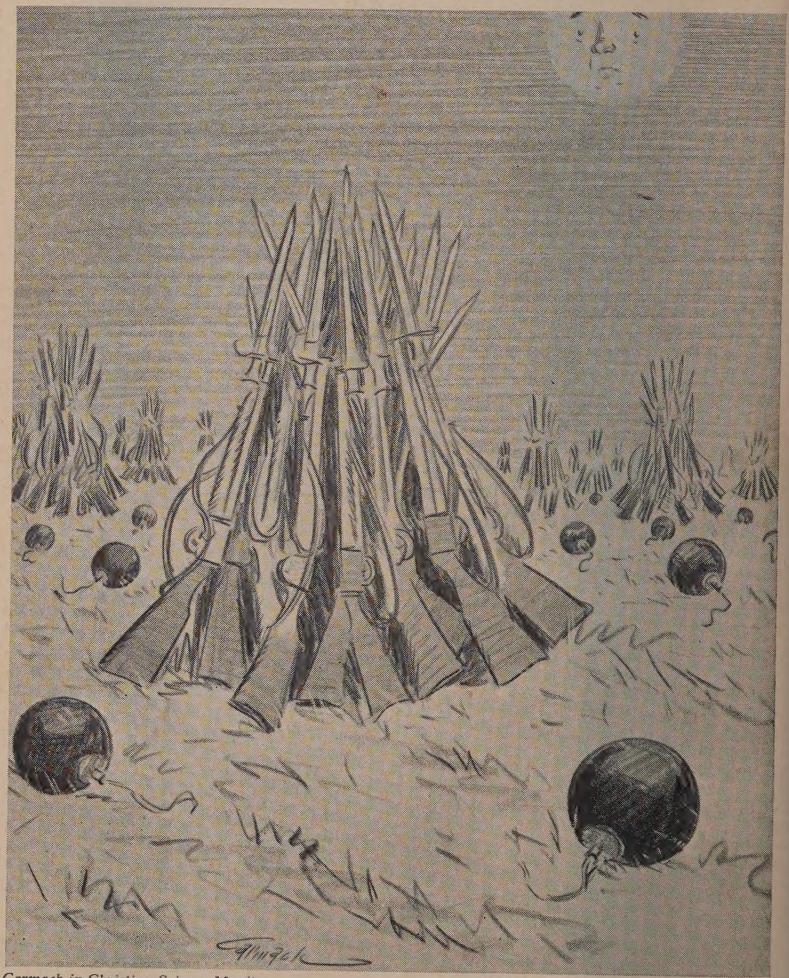
Missions Council of the Congregational and Christian Churches

4 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. — 287 Fourth Ave., New York City — 19 So. La Salle St., Chicago

Chairman: Rev. Vaughan Dabney — *Executive Secretary:* Rev. Leonard M. Outerbridge

The Missions Council is constituted by the Prudential Committee of the American Board and the Board f Directors of the Board of Home Missions under authority of the General Council to effect a unified rogram of missionary education and promotion. The support of our Mission Boards depends upon urrent gifts, legacies and the income from invested funds. Local churches may ordinarily secure in- ormation directly from their own state office. Persons not knowing to whom to write locally are invited) communicate direct with the Missions Council, for literature, educational plans, slides, speakers, and nformation.

Miss Ethel Lucas
1050 Spruce St.
Berkeley, Calif.



Carmack in Christian Science Monitor

"Whatsoever a man soweth,
That shall he also reap."